

T H E

Lovely Soldier.

To which are added,

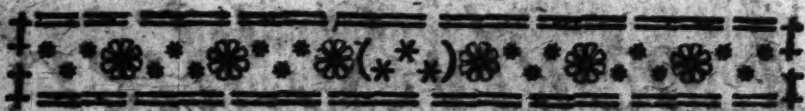
Cupid's Revenge; being an account
of a King who slighted all Wo-
men, and at length was forced
to marry a Beggar.

The Princess Elizabeth's Lamenta-
tion, while a Prisoner at Wood-
stock, 1554.

T H E H A P P Y B E E.
N Y M P H S O F B R I T A I N.



Entered according to Order.



THE LOVELY SOLDIER.

A BROAD as I was walking,
down by a shady grove,
I heard a soldier telling,
the pretty tales of love.

See how the tears did trickle,
down by his rosy cheeks,
Which fill'd my heart with fatal love,
although I dare not speak.

The soldier call'd her jewel,
and swore by all that's good,
That he would ne'er be cruel,
to the girl he dearly lov'd.

See how the tears did trickle,
down by his rosy cheeks,
Which fill'd my heart with fatal love,
although I durst not speak.

My dear, I had much rather
then, go along with you,
And leave my aged father,
and my loving mother too.

For there can be no pleasure
neither for you nor me,
But sorrow out of measure
when you are gone to sea.

Farewel my dearest Nancy,
my joy and heart's delight,
For I am going to the Indies,
my enemies to fight.



When the loud thundering cannons,
 come roaring o'er my head,
 It will fill my heart with fatal love,
 and likewise strike me dead.

Farewel, my dearest Nancy,
 since I must leave your charms,
 The drums and trumpets sounding,
 that call's us all to arms.

With the loud thundering cannons,
 comes rattling o'er my head,
 That fills my heart with fatal love,
 and likewise strike me dead.

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C U P I D ' S R E V E N G E

A King once reign'd beyond the sea,
 as we in ancient story find,
 Whom no face could ever please,
 he cared not for woman kind.

He despis'd the fairest beauties,
 and the greatest fortunes too,
 At length he married a beggar,
 see what Cupid's dart can do.

The blind Boy that shoots so trim,
 did to his closet window flee,
 Then drew his dart, and shot at him,
 and made him soon his power see.

He had ne'er car'd for woman kind,
 but did females ever hate;
 At length was smitten, and wounded,
 for a beggar at his gate.

But mark what happ'ned on a day,
 as he look'd from a window high,
 He spy'd a beggar all in grey,
 with two more in company.

She his fancy soon inflam'd,
 and his heart was grieved sore :
 Must I have her, court her, crave her ?
 I, that never lov'd before.

This noble Prince of high renown,
 did to his chamber straight repair,
 And on his couch he laid him down,
 oppress'd with love-sick grief and care.

Ne'er was Monarch so surpriz'd,
 here I lie a captive slave,
 But I'll to her, court her, woo her,
 she must heal the wound she gave.

Then to his palace-gate he goes,
 the beggars crav'd his charity,
 There a purse of gold he throws,
 with thankfulness away they fly:

But the King her called to him,
 tho' she was but poor and mean :
 His hand did hold her, while he told her,
 she should be his stately Queen.

At this she blush'd like scarlet red,
 and on this mighty King did gaze,
 Then straight again as pale as lead ;
 alas ! she was in such amaze.

Hand in hand they walk'd together,
 and the King did comely say,
 He'd respect her : Straight they deck'd her,
 in most sumptuous rich array.

He did appoint the wedding day,
and likewise them commanded strait,
That noble Lords and Ladies gay,
upon his gracious Queen should wait.

Then she appear'd a splendid beauty,
all the court did her adore,
She in Marriage shew'd a carriage,
as if she'd been a Queen before.

Her fame thro' all the world did ring,
altho' she came of parents poor,
She by her Sov'reign Lord the King,
did bear one son, and eke no more.

All the Nobles they were pleased,
and the Ladies frank and free,
For her behaviour always gave her,
a title to her dignity.

At length the King and Queen were laid
together in the silent tomb,
Their royal Son the sceptre sway'd,
who govern'd in his father's room.

Long in joy did he flourish,
wealth and honour to increase,
Still possessing such a blessing,
that he liv'd and reign'd in peace.

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THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

WILL you hear how once repining,
Great Eliza captive lay,
Each ambitious thought resigning,
foe to riches, pomp, and sway.

While the nymphs and swains delight,
trip around in all their pride;
Envyng joys by others slighted,
thus the royal maiden cry'd.

Bred in plains, or born in vallies,
who would bid these scenes adieu!
Stranger to the arts of malice,
who would ever courts pursue.

Malice never taught to treasure,
censure never taught to bear,
Love is all the shepherd's pleasure,
love is all the damsel's care.

How can they of humble station,
vainly blame the Pow'rs above,
Or accuse the dispensation,
which allows them all to love.

Love like air is widely given,
pow'r nor chance can these restrain;
Truest, noblest gifts of heaven,
only purest on the plain!

Peers can no such charms discover,
all in stars and garters drest;
As on Sundays, does the lover,
with the nosegay on his breast.

Pinks and roses in profusion,
said to fade when Chloe's near,
Fops may use the same allusion,
but the shepherd is sincere.

Hark to yonder milk-maid singing,
cheerly o'er the brimming pail;
Cowslips all around her springing,
sweetly paint the golden vale.

[7]

Never yet did courtly maiden,
 move so sprightly, look so fair,
 Never breast with jewels laden,
 pour a song so void of care.

Would indulgent heaven had granted
 me some rural damsel's part!
 All the empire I had wanted,
 then had been my shepherd's heart.

Then with him o'er hill's and mountains,
 free from fetters might I rove,
 Fearless taste the chrystal fountains.
 peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

Rustics had been more forgiving,
 partial to my virgin bloom:
 None had envy'd me when living,
 none had triumph'd o'er my tomb.

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THE HAPPY BEE.

AS near a fountain's flowry shade,
 the bright Celinda lay,
 Her looks increas'd the summer's pride,
 her eyes the blaze of day.

Quick through the air to this retreat,
 a bee industrious flew,
 Prepar'd to rifle every sweet,
 and sip the balmy dew.

Drawn by the fragrance of her breath,
 her rosy lips he found,
 Where he in transport met his death,
 and dropt unto the ground.



[8]

Enjoy, blest bee! enjoy thy fate,
nor at thy fall repine,
Since kings would quit their royal state,
to share a death like thine.

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NYMPHS OF BRITAIN.

YE nymphs of Britain, to whose eyes
The world admits the glorious prize
Of beauty to be due;

Ah! guard it with assiduous care,
Let neither flattery insnare,
Nor wealth your hearts subdue.

Old Bromio's rank'd among the beasts;
Young Cynthia solitary goes,
Unheeded by the fair!

Ask you, then what this pref'rence gives?
Six Flanders mares the former drives,
The latter but a pair.

Let meaner things be bought and sold,
But beauty never truck'd for gold;
Ye fair, your value prove!

And, since the world's a price too low,
Like heav'n, your ecstasies bestow
On constancy and love.

But still, ye gen'rous maids, beware,
Since hypocrites to heav'n there are,
And to the beauteous too:

Do not too easily confide;
Let every lover well be try'd,
And well reward the true.

F I N I S.